TRINCULO'S

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TRIP TO THE

JUBILEE.

INSCRIBED TO

JOHN STEVENSON HALL, Eſq;

By Mr. THOMPSON.

K

In *England* now, any ſtrange beaſt there makes a Man; when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame Beggar; they will lay out ten to ſee a dead Indian.

Tempeſt of SHAKESPEARE.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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M DCC LXX.

THE SECOND EDITION

BY DR. THOMPSON

JOHN STEVENSON HUTCHEON

INSCRIBED TO

J. U. B. I. L. E. E.

BY THE AUTHOR

T R I N C U L O ' S

TO

JOHN HALL, Eſq;

WITH me your humour ſtill prevails,
Author of Wit, and *Crazy-tales*;
And tho' with HALL I am no crony,
Yet I admire his Makarony *.
When CHURCHILL liv'd, with you I walk'd,
As other Bards might do, and talk'd
Of common themes, and common things,
Of common Miniſters, and Kings;
Ribbands, Petitions, WILKES and BURK,
The *Bill of Rights*—the MEN of YORK.——
But when he ſhot from this bright ſtar,
And left poor ME, and ſweet Miſs ***;
Then; then I loſt both him and you,
Forſook my Muſe, forſook my Kew;
To *Scotland* fled to ſerve the ſtate,
And liv'd among the clan I hate.——

* Fables ſo called.

A highland clan which I condemn,
The meaneſt, proudeſt, pooreſt men:
But yet I do not mean to wound,
The Worthies on the Lowland Ground:
For men there are of ſenſe and ſpirit,
Men, of integrity and merit.
This panegyrick's truely due,
Great honour SADDLE dwells in you;
As virtue in your lovely wife;
And heaven protect ye thro' the maze of life!
Keep me, ye Lords! to good beef-ſteaks,
Nor ſtarve me in the *Land of Cakes*;
Where men and horſes one food eat,
And oat * bread's deem'd luxurious treat.
I envy not their freckled fair,
Their barren hills, and nipping air:
One thing I warmly wiſh indeed,
Some were reſtrain'd beyond the Tweed;
'Twould be a curſe (cou'd they nor roam)
A curſe, to keep them all at home.——
If exile is to be my curſe,
Without a friend, without a purſe;

* Mr. Johnſon, in his Dictionary, ſays, "*Oats*. A grain which, in Eng-
"land, is generally given to horſes—but in *Scotland* ſupports the people".

If

If I like OVID am to quit,
The GIRL of LOVE, the Man of Wit:
MARIA kind on whom I doat,
Nor ſhe more fair, of whom he wrote;
Nor any Nymph that NASO knew,
Though mighty Rome produc'd them too:
If my CORINNA ſtays behind,
Than his, ſhe'll not be leſs unkind:
But mine's ſo loving, and ſo good,
She'll follow o'er the briny flood:
And there will raiſe the fav'rite toaſt,
The VENUS of a kinder coaſt.
If ev'ry ill I am to bear,
Without a ſigh——or *Kindred* tear;
Inclement clouds, dark freezing ſky,
Where toads but crawl, and bats but fly:
Of raiment ſtrip'd, without a ſhed,
And thunders rolling o'er my head:
If ev'ry day like that ſhou'd ſpout,
When *Gonril* * turn'd her father out:
Or ſhou'd an *Aunt*, or *Siſter* prove,
As dead to nature, as to love;
Or *hypocritick* Brother come,
With new coin'd lies——to damn my doom:

* KING LEAR's Daughter.

Or

Or *bring* that *thing* he calls a wife,
To ſtir up peſtilence and ſtrife;
All theſe attack—nay, thouſands more,
In Lapland, or the Scottiſh ſhore:
'Tis immaterial when and where,
MARIA's charms can ſmooth the brow of care.
E'en then we'll ſing a madrigal,
To Love, to Friendſhip, and to HALL;
Give up with joy this motley ſcene,
Laugh to the laſt like ARETIN *.

Now Bird of Freedom ſtrain your throat,
Give LIBERTY your higheſt note!
Then HALL may turn his ear awhile to you,
The wildeſt *Black-Bird* in the GROVES OF KEW.

* He fell backwards in his chair, in a fit of laughter, and expired.

TRINCULO'S

TRINCULO'S TRIP TO THE JUBILEE.

SILVER fair the morning rose,
When I huddled on my cloaths;
Cloaths nor old, cloaths nor new,
Humble white, and humble blue:
When my cloak-back *Joseph* took,
Oh! I turn'd, gave such a look;
Who could POLLIA quit and Kew,
Nor a sigh to Love and you.

Soon we roll'd in coach and four,
Davy Garrick had no more;
We were jollity and glee,
Swinging, ſinging, merrily,
Rolling to the JUBILEE.
You'd have laugh'd indeed, like us,
To have ſeen each trav'ler's fuſs;
In a buggy comes a Prieſt,
Next a coach, four Whores at leaſt;
In a whiſky Brim and Rogue,
Sort of trav'ling much in vogue;
Stages fill'd without, within,
Full of ſweat, and full of ſin;
All was hurry, heat and luſt,
Full of nonſenſe, full of duſt:
When we came to Oxford town,
Scarce a trencher left or gown;
For none can deny this poetical truth,
That in age there is folly, as well as in youth;
In the ſtreets you might hear the poor country dame,
Crying, "Lord, Neighbour Swan, what a ſin and a ſhame;

That

" That our ſpouſes ſhould go from the harveſt to ſee,
" All theſe folks helter-ſkelter, and the *Jumbilee.*"—
The town being forlorn, we deſerted it ſoon,
And trundled to WOODSTOCK ſometime after noon;
Where we only found three trades,
Carry'd on by pretty maids;
Lovely glovers,
Am'rous lovers,
Taking ſmiling, pleaſing ſtitches,
Stitching gloves, and ſewing breeches,
O! ye ſweet bewitching Witches!
Tho' on our way to SHAKESPEARE's hallow'd ſhrine,
We paus'd to rev'rence CHAUCER the divine;
The boaſt of WOODSTOCK *, and the reading few,
The firſt great Bard that England ever knew.
Here *Blenheim* ſtands, which ANN to CHURCHILL gave,
Who ever knew a CHURCHILL was a ſlave?
From godlike MARLB'RO' down to modern days,
Hero and Bard deſerv'd a nation's praiſe.
But *B*******, *B*******, how I grieve thy ſtate,
Now deſpicably low, as whilom princely great;

Shall

* The birth-place of Chaucer.

Shall B******'s Duke thus ſpeak on ev'ry wall,
" All come at *three*, or ye ſhan't come at all;"
And when we come ſhall we contribute too,
To pay the wages of the menial crew;
Bluſh, if a bluſh remains moſt docile D***,
And pay your Butler, Coachman, Footman, Cook!
Your lofty gates let curious ſtrangers paſs,
As well as beaſt, indulg'd to tread the graſs!
Next to *Shipſton* we came,
A town of no fame;
Where chaiſes came in upon coaches,
And coaches came in upon chaiſe;
The ſtreets, and the inns, and the very highways,
Were nothing but chaiſes and coaches,
And nothing but coaches and chaiſe.
When we enter'd Warwickſhire,
Each began to prick his ear;
Each a rumbling felt within,
To the cholick near a-kin;
'Twas not wind as ſome may think,
Upwards four, and downwards ſtink;
No, 'twas Poeſy and Fancy,
Ent'ring in triumphal cars;

Sprights,

Sprights, which PHOEBUS only can ſee,
Blazing, brilliant, burning ſtars:
For ſuch inſpiration,
Is oft' a vexation;
It brought on a grumbling,
Which cauſed a rumbling,
And made us all to flounder, fick and fidge,
Until we came to ſtradling STRATFORD bridge,
Where, near ſilver *Avon*'s ſide,
Stood the booth, ſweet PLEASURE's pride;
Like the ark contriv'd to take,
Beaſt of ev'ry ſhape and make:
But we paſs'd it in full trot,
And the *black* White Lion got.
Where we found the Lord, the Clown,
Running round and round the town,
Swearing for the BARD's renown,
Damning up and damning down.
Doodle, doodle, doo.
Lord! what monſters came to ſee,
SHAKESPEARE's houſe, and SHAKESPEARE's tree,
Tweedle dum, and tweedle dee.

All was wrong within, without,
Maſter PEYTON * in the gout;
Stomach's ſharp, and keen as wit,
WITS a ſlaſhing from the ſpit,
Doodle, doodle, doo.

Yards and ſtreets were full of char'ots,
Women ſqualling out like parrots:
Some were hunting for a bed,
Some upon the ſtairs were ſpread:
Doodle, doodle, doo.

Some were throwing out reproach,
Some were ſnoring in a coach;
Some were drinking on the ſtairs,
Some had pockets prov'd their cares,
Doodle, doodle, doo.

What was fuller than the kitchen,
O! the fight was quite bewitching;
Pots and kettles, diſhes, plates,
Claſhing like the tools of ſtates,
Doodle, doodle, doo.

SHAKESPEARE'S genius ſaw the riot,
Night he ſent to make them quiet;

* Keeper of the inn.

With

With the night he ſent them rains,
To cool the boiling blood, within their boiling veins.

AURORA toſs'd and tumbl'd all the night,
Deſirous, anxious for th' approaching light;
She felt herſelf queer,
But cou'dn't tell where;
Howe'er the roſy wench aroſe;
But, in her hurry, quite forgot her cloaths;
She in her ſnow white ſmock appear'd with glee,
And ſweetly ſmil'd on SHAKESPEARE's *Jubilee*.
Up with her the vot'ries ſprung,
Gay and dull, and old and young;
To the hall,
One and all,
Repair, repair, repair,
To ſip merrily,
Their coffee and tea,
And baniſh all ſorrow and care.
There the ear-piercing fife,
And the ear-piercing wife,

Were

Were enough to deſtroy both the head and the lungs:
Such ruſtling of bums,
Such rattling of drums,
That *Babel* herſelf was out-done by our tongues.
" *O! for a Muſe of fire* *," and mettle,
Cries out FOOT, to boil the kettle;
Curſe your little ſqualling ſouls,
Bring us butter, bring us rolls;
Look at Caliban's † wild picture,
O! how like the poet *Victor!*
The Iriſh *Laureat* hung his head,
Dead, dull; dull, dead;
Tea cups rattle, kettles hiſs,
VICTOR! VICTOR! FOOT is VICTOR,
VICTOR, do not mind the picture;
All, all, all,
Bawl, bawl, bawl,
Be friends again, and kiſs!

* Words under an allegorical tranſparent figure of Shakeſpeare, in the Breakfaſt Room.

† A tranſparent picture of that whimſical Being.

They

They kiſs'd, they kiſs'd, 'twas all a ſham,
It was a *Judas'* buſs from Judas *Sam*,

Breakfaſt over, hurry-ſcurry,
Lady RODNEY, Fanny MURRAY,
To the church repair;
Where muſic divine,
Inſpir'd by the NINE,
Inchants the wond'ring earth, and floats along the air.

In a corner ſat FOOT,
Full of laughter, and ſmut,
To things holy and grave quite a ſtranger;
To the ſtone of the Bard *,
He paid no more regard,
Than he wou'd to the *Bethlehem* manger.

The blaſphemous wag,
Did his wickedneſs brag,
What is truth, or religion to him;
At honour he'll laugh,
And friendſhip throw off,
As quick as he will his cork limb.

* Shakeſpeare's tomb.

Th' Oratorio being done,
We ſcuddle and run,
To the Booth hamper-ſcamper to dinner;
Were, 'twas *catch that catch can*,
With the Maid and the Man,
With the good Man of God, and the Sinner.

Such thruſting and ſqueezing,
Such coughing and ſneezing,
To paſs through the delicate wicket;
The ladies all ſqualling,
The conſtables bawling,
Zounds! why don't ye ſhew each your ticket?

I reſcued from death,
Girls panting for breath,
By ſnatching them up in my arms;
All I got for my care,
Was a delicate ſtare,
And a ſtare at their delicate charms.

Such plucking and ſnatching,
Such running and catching,
To filch for each favorite wench;
Some bawling, "who waits,"
Bring diſhes and plates,
Here! this table too wants a bench.

When each was ſeated in his place,
And things grew rather calm;
Thoſe to the jellies gave a grace,
Whom hunger gave a qualm.

Some on the gay Rotundo ſtar'd,
Compos'd of wood and paper;
Grinning from ear to ear, declar'd,
They long'd to cut a caper.

The whole in full expectance ſat,
At leaſt above an hour;
Reflecting on the haunches fat,
And how they wou'd devour.

Some

Some who had never turtle ſeen,
Their lips lick'd o'er with glee;
Others ſwore vengeance on the green,
The luſcious *Callopee*.

It comes, it comes, the dinner comes,
Seize your weapons, ſeat your bums;
O! the Cook's a *godlike* man,
See the order, mind his plan!
Hark! the bawl,
Number one,
Pleaſing call,
On, on, on,
See another, and another,
Cries out Wheeler to his mother,
See the diſhes,
Quick as wiſhes;
Beef and mutton,
For each glutton!
Prithe ſilence, Booby, piſh!
What of fowl, and what of fiſh;

Look

Look for *kickſhaws*, things of taſte,
Handſome things made up of paſte!
The joyleſs Jerry cou'd no longer bear,
To ſee ſuch victuals paſs, and feed on air;
Being top full of gambol,
And made for a ſcramble;
He ſprung from his ſeat,
On a diſh of roaſt meat.
Then the ſcene was chang'd to plunder,
Quick as lightning, loud as thunder,
All was anarchy and wonder;
Watching, ſnatching, ſcratching, catching:
Thoſe who were inclin'd to eat,
Loſt their victuals, loſt their ſeat:
All were raving,
All were craving,
Well condition'd for the treat.
When Old NASO divided the maſs of the world,
The earth into mountains, and hillocks he hurl'd;
He turn'd out the water, and ſpread out the air,
The fire it went always, the Devil knows where;

Yet, though great JOVE did theſe create,
And theſe the *Poet* did tranſlate;
This feaſt had vext the De'il;
The firſt formation all agree,
Was not ſo haſh'd a jumbilee,
As this *chaotic* meal.

As ſoon as the muſic began,
Away from the tables they ran;
Such a thing as a drop of good wine was not got,
There were ſome paid their reck'nings, and ſome that did not.
In the ſcurry and the hurry,
Down went tables, forms and benches,
Hark! d'ye hear thoſe horrid cracks!
Cracks and cries; cries and cracks:
No harm, no harm;
It was a falſe alarm;
Ten young men, and ten young wenches,
Only ſprawling on their backs:
Now the catch, and now the glee,
To the Bard——and Mulb'ry tree:

But

But let it be carrol'd, and let it be ſaid,
That the worſt of all beds is a *Warwickſhire* bed.

The dinner o'er, the ſing-ſong done,
The whole to their apartments run,
To dreſs, the ball to grace;
Nature's ſweet charms ſome try to mend,
Some red and white together blend,
And daub a batter'd face.

From this to ten 'twas hurry all,
Tea was neglected for the ball,
And in the vileſt places,
The ſweeteſt women ſtripp'd to dreſs,
And were, by HEBE, nothing leſs,
Than VENUS and the GRACES.

Foremoſt of theſe fair P****s ſtood,
Like Venus when ſhe left the flood,
To bleſs the mortal race;
None fairer in the ball were ſeen;
One danc'd more like the *Paphian* queen,
For GARRICK has her grace.

At four fatigu'd I took a chair,
Only a fifteen ſhillings fare;
Sick of ſuch beau-monde whims.
Set down; I flounc'd upon my bed;
And dirty blue, and tawdry red,
Adorn'd my hallow'd limbs.

One guinea *but* for each night's ſleep,
Neck-beef was never half ſo cheap,
No circumſtance to fret on;
I thought myſelf prodigious ſnug,
Tho' coarſe the ſheets, and old the rug,
And not a chair to ſet on.

Of all the towns I ever ſlept in,
Of all the beds I ever crept in,
Where poverty could rot 'em:
The pooreſt theſe of all the nation;
A moſt poetic ſituation,
Garrets from top to bottom.

But theſe did never diſcompoſe,
My ſoft, poetic, pleaſing doze,

On

On AVON's ſilver ſtream;
The Muſe each night danc'd hand in hand,
With fairies on enchanted land,
In mid-ſummer night's dream.

As ſoon as MORNING left her bed,
Enchanting ſounds buzz'd round my head,
From Whight's ycliped waits,
Firſt, tweedle dum, and tweedle dee,
Then, "*Welcome to our Jubilee!*"
I long'd to break their pates.

Muſic has charms, ſo CONGREVE wrote,
To make us bend; to hate, to doat,
Like dogs to fetch or carry;
At once to ſoften, and to ſooth,
To burn a Church, or build a Booth,
To raviſh, or to marry.

Indeed, theſe prov'd the Poet's ſtrains,
For through my brains, my head, my veins,
Full gallop went each light air:
Oh! curſe ſuch mattin ſenerade,
Cat-cut run mad in high parade,
Is likeſt to the night-mare.

But he, *that has not muſick in his ſoul,*
Shou'd with the *Jack-calls* prowl and howl,
Upon the banks of INDUS:
So up I jump'd, though in a ſweat,
And dreſs'd in a moſt curſed pet,
To keep my place on PINDUS.

I ſplaſh'd, and daſh'd through mud and rain,
And in the town-hall ſhov'd again,
Each gaping country Put;
Got nothing for to drink or eat,
I paid a ſhilling for *no* ſeat,
To laugh at ſlip-ſlop *Foot*.

To the Rotundo next we ſcout,
The Ode, the Ode, was all the ſhout:
The Ode had all the merit;
GARRICK ſuperior ſtood alone,
His uſual brightneſs he outſhone,
Out-top'd his former ſpirit.

Immortal GARRICK be thy name,
Entwin'd with thy own SHAKESPEARE's fame!

Each

Each was for th' other made;
His language beats the Latin, Greek,
Language, which GARRICK can but ſpeak,
Language, which ne'er ſhall fade.

The Gods which did impregnate him,
With fire, with fancy, rapture, whim,
Impregnated your mind;
To act, and write, was own'd by all,
Too great a part to one to fall,
For two they were deſign'd.

But how are we ſurpris'd again,
Hear, hear that ſweet bewitching ſtrain,
From that bewitching tongue;
'Twas wrote to prove the great regard,
He bore the moſt immortal Bard;
Sweet as the verſe he ſung.

Criticks no more your venom ſhew,
SHAKESPEARE and GARRICK ſtill are two;
And hand in hand they move,
The firſt in genius, and in grace,
The glory of the Britiſh race,
Their envy, and their love.

Enrap-

Enraptur'd all retir'd again,
Full of the high melodious ſtrain,
Which Garrick ſpoke and wrote;
The Ode it was ſo *helliſh* good,
We did not mind or rain, or mud,
Or coach, or chair, or coat.

But why ſuch cataracts from heaven,
From ſeven, ye Gods! unto eleven,
Was it the blue-ſick commet?
For *Angelo* no ſooner lit,
His fire-works, but it 'gan to ſpit,
And heavy-pale-fulls vomit.

Some merry, laughing, little wagg,
I don't mean *Harris*, *Leak*, or *Dagg*,
Whiſper'd a merry Miſs,
" That Shakeſpeare hated ſuch mock-fire,
" To put them out was Jove's deſire,
" See Miſs! the Bard's at p——!"

The only fires which I would chuſe,
To pleaſe the ſight, or warm the Muſe,

Are

Are thoſe which blaze and glow,
In Beauty's eyes: then why this art!
Nothing can pleaſe ſo much the heart,
As your ſweet ANGELO.

When firſt that I heard of this Jubilee fun,
I was tiffing a ſtout cann of flip;
With a tarpaulin Jack, at the ſign of the Gun,
And diſcourſing, as how of our ſhip.

Says I, Beau, you know that I love to be merry,
And our pockets are yet very ſtout;
Zounds! why ſhould we make then two bites of a cherry,
Shall we coach it within or without?

In the Hay-market once I had juſt ſuch a rigg,
Maſter DENMARK *, he tip'd us the joy;
I wiſh you had ſeen him (for burn my old wig)
A tight, little top-gallant Boy.

But to fill and ſtand on, poor Jack drop'd a-ſtern,
So I e'en by myſelf ſteer'd my courſe;
For by Gin, there is nothing will give me concern,
But the church, and that *better for worſe*.

* King of Denmark's maſquerade.

As ſoon as arriv'd at the great cabbin door,
I threw out an excellent quid;
I tip'd half a guinea, which didn't look poor,
And pranc'd like a quarter-deck Mid.

When my old Maſter's * figure appear'd to my view,
'Twas ſo like, that I tip'd him a hip!
That inſtant, I wiſh'd for our *Carpenter's crew*,
'Twas an excellent *head* for a ſhip.

The gobb, and the gabble I laid it about,
I gave them the man of war ſlack;
When the men 'gan to ſwear, and the laſſes to pout,
I ſtood *off and on* on each tack.

Nor cou'd a dull Lad, brook a Tarpaulin's *jaw!*
So I gave 'em the double and round;
My *cheek-muſick* beat e'en the men of the law,
Tho' *Old Nick* had them 'prentices bound.

The place it was brilliant, yet, will ye believe,
To ſtarboard and port heel'd each poſt;
The veſſel, *by Neptune!* too leak'd like a ſieve,
Caſt away on the *Warwickſhire* coaſt.

* An elegant figure of Shakeſpeare ſtood in the Orcheſtra.

The

The God of the ſtream was ſo pleas'd to behold
This company gallant and trim;
With joy he flow'd o'er, for his banks wou'dn't hold,
So amongſt us he came in full ſwim.

This kind river Rogue, in high character came,
Not diſguis'd in a maſquerade whim,
The BETHSHEBA's ſmart had inſpir'd ſuch a flame,
That he kiſs'd and baptiz'd every limb.

Thou rapturous river God, hear my laſt prayer,
'Tis Trinculo noiſy and brown:
Have plenty of lemons, rum, ſugar, d'ye hear!
And I'll drink in your ſtream 'till I drown.

But as for your waters, my dear gentle Boy,
For the Qual you may bottle 'em up;
But mix them and *Bardolph*, JACK-FALSTAFF and I,
Like toaſts we will float, ſoak and ſup.

The God he took notice of ev'ry ſuit,
Of ſome whimſical figures from Paris;
He thought little COLMAN, ſmart, pleaſant, acute,
But he ſhook his dank locks at YOUNG HARRIS.

The humid old Beau didn't tickle the Belles,
Though dreſs'd in his holiday guiſe;
The bones of the minnow, minuteſt of ſhells,
And the brighteſt of ſmall fiſhes eyes.

The ladies began for to wiſh and to piſh,
The ſcaly vile Monſter was waſh'd;
So I bawl'd—we were ſick with his damn'd ſmell of fiſh,
And into the river he daſh'd.

This Maſquerade was on a perfect new plan,
The characters Nature had drawn;
There were ſome leſs of mortal than Dan Caliban,
Or had pop'd out their ſenſes to pawn.

There were lords too who thought themſelves ſnug, and in cog,
Becauſe in a maſquerade ſuit;
Though, they had ſome ſmell of the Iriſh bog,
And ſtunk of *Oeconomy*——*Bute*.

There were Mercuries there, both as leaden and dull,
As thoſe 'fore a Citizen's Vill;
And tho' wings to the feet, to the hands and the ſkull,
They were fix'd to their pedeſtal's ſtill.

Young Cæſus was there, not the Perſian of old,
Whoſe glory the Gods did decree:
Our hero was grac'd with a brim, and a ſcold,
Which carry'd *his helm all a* Lee *.

A harlequin here had inverted the plan,
He had wit and good ſenſe in his head;
He was gallant and merry, a right little man,
But yet in his heels he had lead.

Here was one ſpirit too quite unfit for his part,
And yet he muſt *hazard* a Devil;
He might be the Fiend, tho' compleat in the heart,
Yet nothing appear'd good or evil.

Vain Boſwell here ſtood like a Corſican dreſt,
Diſtributing lines which he writ;
'Twould have puzzled e'en Shakeſpeare, to ſay which were beſt,
His poeſy, hiſt'ry, or wit.

Here were chatt'ring animals, monkies and curs,
Yates a Carter, without a je-hup;
Here were jockies that came without whips faith, or ſpurs,
To ride for the Jubilee Cup.

* It is a bad veſſel which carries a *lee* helm.

Here were Blackſmiths and Butchers, Cooks, Barbers and
Taylors,
Horſe Jockies, Huntſmen and Dealers:
A pretty collection of freſh-water Sailors,
Poets, Wool-combers, Dear-ſtealers.

There were faces without any maſks at the ball,
And maſks too without any faces;
Nay ev'ry thing too, and yet nothing at all,
As a Venus without any graces.

There were Floras forſooth, who had ne'er been in Rome,
Of them I long'd for a nibble;
One *maſculine* matron I hop'd to o'ercome,
A fancyful *feminine* fribble.

Such angels muſt move us, tho' ever ſo callous,
Who they were I don't know; but do you know?
I wiſh'd to beget a young SHAKESPEARE on PALLAS,
And tumble with CERES and JUNO.

There were Nymphs of the water, and Nymphs of the grove,
After whom I was always a prowling;
I long'd through the delicate ſnatch-block of love,
To reeve the fagg-end of a bowling.

Maſter Slender was there, but not ſlender in limb,
He was wond'rous thick 'bout the head;
His humour and wit were as ſlender as him,
And *mum* was the beſt that he ſaid.

There were WITCHES ſo fair, they witch'd ev'ry ſoul,
And if preſt into ſuch a fair CREW;
I would ſail in an egg-ſhell from Ind to the Pole,
Like a rat with a tail I wou'd do.

What wou'dn't I do! if the Witches were kind,
If I had e'en a PAIN with a ſmile;
Or the ſweet ſpicey breath of a PEMBROOK for wind,
To waft me to Paradiſe Iſle.

The poets may talk of Dame Circe's damn'd tricks,
Of turning poor men into ſwine;
O give me a drink of old Lethe or Styx!
For they conquer the virtues of wine.

There was captain Ulyſſes, old, cunning, and wiſe,
Stop'd the ears of his crew up with wax;
Had we done the ſame, we had dy'd by their eyes,
As ſure as by halter or axe.

I ſuppoſe

I ſuppoſe on the *Point* * theſe ſweet Sirens hung out,
And his ſhip-mates may-hap went aſtray;
To board three ſuch frigates I'd riſk an odd joint,
And compound for a dozen a day.

When they went 'twas like ſun-ſet, all nature look'd ſad,
For they were the joy of the throng;
So to chear up their ſpirits, and make 'em all glad,
I tipp'd 'em this nautical ſong.

I.

Do you know that I'm come from the Equinox Line,
To toſs off a cann of good ſlip, or good wine,
And pay my reſpects to my old maſter's ſhrine.
With my up and down, up and down, high derry up and down, high derry down.

II.

I ſuppoſe you don't know me, becauſe you all ſtare,
You ſee I'm a ſailor, as ſuch I can ſwear,
But remember 'tis TRINCULO, ſo have a care.
Of his up and down.

* Alluding to Portſmouth Point, celebrated for its Sirens.

With

III.

With Shakeſpeare I ſail'd in a *Tempeſt* of yore,
We had land's-men on board of the quality *corps*,
And were ſhipwreck'd by Jove on a comical ſhore.
With his up and down.

IV.

There was madam Miranda, a tight little girl,
The tears in her eyes were as precious as pearl,
She affected me ſo not a ſail cou'd I furl.
With her up and down.

V.

Such a ſmaſh I am ſure my poor heart never felt,
To ſee with our crew how a conjuror dealt,
He pinch'd us, he flogg'd us, and made our bones melt.
With his up and down.

VI.

There was Caliban too, a moſt monſtruous ape,
No beaſt had before ſuch a whimſical ſhape;
Yet was nearly being hang'd for attempting a rape.
With his up and down.

VII.

But old captain SHAKESPEARE, the beſt of all men,
For who in experience had half ſuch a ken,
He cou'd raiſe up a tempeſt, and lay it again.
With his up and down.

VIII.

Then here's to his health, the great Bard of my theme,
In poetical punch, made of ſweet Avon's ſtream,
Which will dart thro' your dullneſs a magical gleam.
Of his up and down.

IX.

Let this toaſt then be drank from old Dublin to Warwick,
Reſounded again from dull Dover to Berwick,
To ſweet Willy Shakeſpeare, and gay Davy Garrick.
With their up and down.

Being ſleepy and tir'd,
From the Booth I retir'd,
Each ſtep to the knees through the dirt;
I was fully poſſeſt,
All life was a jeſt,
And that comfort was in a dry ſhirt.

To ſleep was a joke,
'Mongſt poetical folk:
Before I had well got to bed,
I heard a damn'd noiſe,
And a ſhrill ſqueaking voice,
To the *Horſe-Race* turn out my boy Ned!

Beſides,

Beſides, all the Bards,
To ſhew their regards,
To SHAKESPEARE, that excellent Poet;
They will try who can leap,
From the bridge the moſt deep,
For a cup: and they begg'd you might know it.

Out of bed I came plump,
Being determin'd to jump,
With any wool-comber in Warwick;
My lodgings I ſtump'd,
But my partner being mump'd,
His reck'ning he left to George Garrick.

When I came to the bridge,
I ſkipp'd on the ridge,
For the trial I felt my heart burn;
When a merry old man,
(BEIGHTON chalk'd out the plan,)
Cry'd, you Minors muſt wait for your turn.

The firſt who came, he was a ſmall man,
Gaily dreſs'd in gold and green,
Soon the Genii hail'd him COLMAN,
TERENCE both in air and mien.

He ſmirk'd, he ſmil'd, he curl'd his noſe up,
Conſcious of his prior claim;
Then he laugh'd, and briſkly roſe up,
Rais'd by his dramatic fame.

As the Genius juſt was going,
All cry'd out with pleaſant glee,
Is not Bard your lodging owing?
COLMAN anſwer'd ſtep and ſee!

Then he ſprung, but 'twas ſo eaſy,
Sure the Muſes bore him up;
When the folks cry'd out—pray ſeize ye,
Little GEORGE, the golden cup!

No, ſays MURPHY, who came a'ter,
See he ſwims to yonder ſide!
He, nor made a hole i'th' water,
I will daſh, and ſplaſh the tide.

Up he leap'd, and down he ventur'd,
Stretching art'ry, limb and vein;
In the mud the Poet center'd;
MURPHY never roſe again.

FOOT,

Foot, on two ſticks next came grinning,
Zounds! my leaping days are o'er;
But, there ſtill is hopes of winning,
Since poor Arthur is no more.

Well, I don't diſlike the offer,
What's the prize, a golden cup?
If, not in the *Town-clerk's* coffer,
Let ſome play'r hold it up?

Now, farewel to Daddy and Mammy,
And the *Satyr* lim'd and leap'd;
Topſy-turvy went light *Sammy*,
On the ſtream a cork-Foot peep'd!

One ſo light, and one ſo leaden,
Stagger'd much the gentle Keith;
When, came St——ns on a ſudden,
Plung'd the youth quite underneath.

Not friend *Zack* or *Alexander*,
No, 'twas maſter *Des ſqueeze oh!*
Compound true of gooſe and gander,
A dunce, a feather, and a beau.

Don't let him pollute the water!
Stone the heterogeneous thing;
He to DULLNESS dies a martyr,
That pollutes fair friendſhip's ſpring.

Gallant THOMPSON, next came laughing,
Clear the *gang-way—man the ſide!*
Neither ſlip, or punch, a quaffing,
Thus, ANACREON never dy'd.

Moiſture wanting,——clay ſoon moulders,
Bacchus helps the poet's theme!
He drank:—then leap'd on MURPHY's ſhoulders,
Laughing——ſtill above the ſtream.

MURPHY ſpoke, how can ye ſway-ſo,
This, e'en CHURCHILL wou'dn't dare!
If you are the gentle NASO,
Thou'rt a curſed weight to bear!

Next appear'd good-natur'd KELLY,
In a veſt of burniſh'd lace;
Hugging of his turtle belly,
Laughing at poor NASO's caſe.

Off he went, in ſuch a racket,
All the folks were in a maze;
O! a kingdom for a jacket,
Give me cork, and damn the bays.

He ſunk, he ſunk. When old PAUL WHITEHEAD,
In his gay militia dreſs;
Look'd, and ſeem'd moſt curſed frighted,
At his brother Bard's diſtreſs.

Gentlemen, pray pauſe a moment,
'Till I ſtrip my tory limbs;
Cloaths indeed might help to foment,
But they're bad for him that ſwims.

Naked *Paul*——to ſhew his cunning,
One hand hid his little all,
Off the hero went a running;
'Twas the laſt of poor, old *Paul*.

BICKERSTAFF, whom NONSENSE courted,
In a go-cart always walks,
But if not wild youth ſupported,
Bicky neither writes or talks.

Conſcious of his plagiariſm,
Little *Iſaac* tott'ring ſtood;
When he found we ſaw the ſchiſm,
Bicky bounc'd into the mud.

Johnson next, large commentator,
Pedagogue of verboſe work;
Vow'd the membrane-pia-mater,
Wou'd not bear the rapid jerk.

But ſince he had Shakespeare wounded,
Not that *Samuel* car'd a pin,
Whether he was hang'd or drowned,
Leap'd, and pull'd poor Goldsmith in.

Next waddl'd up pragmatic J——o,
Squalling!——"you have read my *Hill* * !"
Yes,—your pap,—poetick ſago,
Quite a ſoporifick pill.

Zounds! it beats—your Steward's Ode, Sir!
Nay, I'll ſpeech it too with Garrick;
'Tis not pap, pill, doſe or load, Sir,
Aſk my *bright*, *wiſe*, Lord of W——k!

* *An unweeded Poem, called Edge-hill.*

There's

There's a genius, beats your SHAKESPEARE;
Shall *Jack J—o*, then turn fool!
I'll not plunge into your jakes here,
I'll not cram your ducking-ſtool *.

Off with this dull ſecond *Kedgell!*
And he ſeiz'd the rotten ridge:
Which gave way, and ſmother'd *Edge-bill*,
'Neath the rubbiſh of the bridge.

BURK advanc'd *ſublime* and *beautious* †,
Bowing low to SHAKESPEARE's ſhrine;
May he ever prove as dutious,
GLORIOUS WENTWORTH ‡ unto thine!

Quick he flew, and ſcorn'd to cavil,
Felton's poignard in his hand;
Telling of the GOD-LIKE SAVILLE,
Knaves, ſhou'd feel it through the land.

Soon was heard a gibble-gabble,
Neither harmony or ſenſe;
Wrangling with the ribble-rabble,
That to leap he had pretence.

* *Uſed formerly for cooling of Scolds.*

† *The* SUBLIME *and* BEAUTIFUL—*and elegant compoſition of that Gentleman's.*

‡ *Marquis of Rockingham.*

'Twas not ſubſtance, nor a ſhadow,
But *it* gave me much concern;
Thus to ſee cat-cut run mad O!
And it look'd like Doctor Arne.

Off with ſuch lean bleating cattle,
He, on Pindus has no place!
Squaſh he went, and made a rattle,
Like an empty fiddle-caſe.

Garrick ſtep'd ſmart, gay and chearful,
With the medal *, and the wand †;
He'd no reaſons to be fearful,
Plaudits rung through all the ſtrand.

Fortune, kind, blind, fickle ſtrumpet,
Smil'd upon the left hand ſide;
On the right Fame blew her trumpet,
And the ſound ſtole down the tide.

Garrick, Garrick; Garrick, Garrick,
Was repeated far and wide;
Much it touch'd my *Lord of W——k*,
Thus, to own him England's pride.

* With the figure of Shakeſpeare upon it.

† Made of that mulberry tree planted by Shakeſpeare.

O'er his head THALIA * ſmiling,
Fair MELPOMENE look'd grave;
Yet the MUSE ſeem'd not reviling,
But, ſhe wiſh'd her ſon to ſave.

On he came, and look'd ſo charming,
Grac'd with ſuch attendants rare;
Yet to all it was alarming,
Britain's ROSCIUS was their care.

Arguments were unavailing,
Much he ſmil'd on AVON's ſtream;
Where the Muſes were prevailing,
SHAKESPEARE's darlings of eſteem.

Nature's mirrour, Wiſdom's glory,
Gentle Shakeſpeare, gay and wild;
Is't Idolatry t'adore you,
LOVE and FANCY's ſweeteſt child.

Hence! your lures—pray do not fib-on!
Hence! ANACREON's jovial cup!
He leap'd,——the bridge it catch'd his ribbon,
Or *his* SHAKESPEARE held him up.

* Thalia and Melpomene——the two Muſes which preſide over *Tragedy* and *Comedy*.

Soon

Soon the Muses wing'd to save him,
Praising high the Ode he writ;
Wou'd ye cruel *Naiads* have him
To endanger so much Wit.

In her arms sweet Clio catch'd him,
Davy, do not wag an hip!
T'other *eight* alternate snatch'd him,
And they fled to Aganippe *.

Guthrie stalk'd, tall, thin and pensive,
With silk stockings roll'd, nor new;
Hop'd he might not prove offensive,
From the *Critical Review*,

Wish'd the blunders in his *Peerage*,
Were forgiven and forgot;
There, indeed I made false *steerage*,
Much unlike the *letter'd Scot*.

Since, with Churchill it is over,
I have crawl'd once more to day;
He lies very snug at *Dover*;
With his——" one poor sprig of Bay †."

* A Fount sacred to Apollo and the Muses, at the foot of Mount Helicon.

† See Candidate.

Scotland's

Scotland's Hiſt'ry now ſhall flouriſh,
While that Satyriſt ſhall rot;
Fame will not a Poet nouriſh,
That could ſcratch the *beggar-Scot.*

Scots are poor, and Scots are haughty,
Zounds! bawl'd *Hamilton*, no more!
This *Buchanan** long hath wrote ye!
Silence! or you'll *run aſhore.*

HAMILTON, cried O! thou Parrot,
All the fat is in the fire;
You ſhan't ride in my new chariot,
Thruſt him, curſe him, in the mire.

Like a plummet to the centre,
GUTHRIE reach'd, by dint of ſize;
All cry'd, he's the *leaden Mentor*,
Let him, let him, have the prize.

Hold! cries STEPHENS the Diſſecter,
Now, they're in their muddy beds;
I will give ye all a lecture,
Upon all their muddy heads.

* He wrote the Hiſtory of Scotland—and ſome ſevere letters againſt the *Scots*——to be found in the *Harleian* Miſcellany.

One call'd out, friend Alexander,
Won't you jump for this fine prize?
Was I more of gooſe or gander,
M'aps I might, the wag replies.

Then, pray ſay in your conceit, Sir,
Who has won the golden cup!
Like Bayſes horſe, each found their feet, Sir,
And through mighty mud ſprung up.

Murphy roſe elaſtick Poet;
From his ſhoulders Thomſon daſh'd,
He to th' ſhore could ſcarcely row it,
Being ſo muddied, ſplaſh'd and waſh'd.

Guthrie bawl'd 'tis mine, 'tis mine, Sir,
I've *the* head I knew would do:
I'm *high Prieſt* of all the Nine, Sir,
And I div'd the deepeſt too.

Then, one ſounded a crack'd trumpet,
To declare his right and claim;
A moſt ragged, common ſtrumpet,
And from Billingſgate ſhe came.

Quickly mounted Amarosa,
On a *Rosinante* Hack;
And behind the tall *Toboso*,
Guthrie dangled back to back.

Where they went it is no matter,
Where they are I do not care;
All the time the rain did patter,
All the time the fools did stare.

Here, what various fools did come,
All the streets were buzz and hum;
Squeeking fife and rumbling drum,
Tweedle-dee—and tweedle dum.

11 7 49

THE END.

In the Preſs.

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THE

WORKS of Mr. OLDHAM,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

With NOTES, by THOMSON.

Farewel too little, and too lately known,
Whom I began to think and call my own;
For ſure our ſouls were near ally'd; and thine
Caſt in the ſame poetick mould with mine.
——————— Thy wit will ſhine
Through the harſh cadence of a rugged line.
Once more, hail! and farewel; farewel you young,
But ah, too ſhort, Marcellus of our tongue.

DRYDEN *to his Memory.*